

#860

Com Pam 12mo #860

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Prayer During Battle.

FATHER, I call on thee.
The roaring artillery's clouds thicken round me,
The hiss and the glare of the loud bolts confound me
Ruler of battles, I call on thee.
O Father, lead thou me.

O Father, lead thou me ;
To victory, to death, dread Commander, O guide me ;
The dark valley brightens when thou art beside me ;
Lord, as thou wilt, so lead thou me.
God. I acknowledge thee.

God, I acknowledge thee ;
When the breeze through the dry leaves of autumn is
moaning,
When the thunder-storm of battle is groaning,
Fount of mercy, in each I acknowledge thee.
O Father, bless thou me.

O Father, bless thou me.
I trust in thy mercy, whate'er may befall me :
'Tis thy word that hath sent me ; that word can recall me.
Living or dying, O bless thou me.
Father, I honor thee.

Father, I honor thee ;
Not for earth's hoards or honors we here are contending ;
All that is holy our swords are defending :
Then falling, and conquering, I honor thee.
God, I repose in thee.

God, I repose in thee ,
When the thunders of death my soul are greeting,
When the gashed veins bleed, and the life is fleeting,
In thee, my God, I repose in thee.
Father, I call on thee.

Sept. 1863.

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